



COMMON SENSE in the HOME

EDITED by MARION HARLAND



THE TRAINED NURSE IN THE HOME.

HAVE you ever had a trained nurse in your family? If not, a whole large field of experience is unknown to you.

Even if you have been subjected to the ministrations of a nurse you may yet have something to learn about them. For there are several different kinds, and they vary almost as much as human nature varies. Some of them are as great trials in the sick room as certain of our own friends would prove in similar circumstances, while others have traits which tax the language to find words good enough to describe them. I can frankly say that I know of no greater blessing than the right sort of trained nurse in a case of serious illness.

One of the first characteristics to impress you about this sort of nurse is her efficiency. I recollect seeing this kind come into a sick room once where a very ill patient lay. Up to the time of the nurse's arrival the invalid had been in charge of devoted members of the family who had done for her everything they could think of, animated by love and self-abnegation and eagerness to serve. They had watched untiringly, they had gratified every wish to the best of their ability, they had supplemented their efforts with the tenderest affection.

When finally, worn out by weariness, the family made way for the trained nurse it was with many murmurs of misgiving. "Mother will never be satisfied with her," moaned one daughter. "I don't care what the doctor says! No one else can take such care of her as we do!"

By the time the nurse had been in the house two hours the room and the patient showed the marks of her presence. Superfluous furniture had been banished, unnecessary ornaments had been put out of the way. Clean white towels covered the table at the head of the bed and the stand on which medicines were to be placed, and these were ranged in orderly rows. Fresh spoons lay on a napkin padded dish, the damask preventing the clink which would have followed the touch of the spoon on the porcelain. All the belongings of the sick room were in neat ranks, extra towels and napkins for possible need were at hand, the shade had been drawn to the right height, the bed had been freshened with clean sheets and pillows, the patient had been assisted into spotless nightclothes, and all had been done without fuss or fatigue.

Love May Lack Skill.

"She makes me so comfortable," whispered the invalid, when her former attendants came in, almost fearing to meet the complaints they had been sure would await them. "She understands just how to lift me and turn me and give me my medicine and my drinks without spilling them. I feel better already!"

Unfortunately, love alone, no matter how deep and unselfish, does not impart the skill which has been acquired by a long course of hospital drill and practice, and with the best will in the world the nearest and dearest of relatives cannot give the sick one the care which can be bestowed by the good, trained nurse.

"My boy would not be happy with anyone but me," pleaded a mother with the doctor who was urging a trained nurse to care for a child threatened with pneumonia. "He wouldn't let her do the things for him that I do."

To her credit be it said that the mother rejoiced when her boy's improved condition and content with his nurse proved the doctor's judgment to have been in the right.

"She took fine care of me," announced the patient the first morning after the nurse had taken charge. "You know, mother, I would have been sorry to ask you to get up and down all the while, but she was right here, wide awake, and whenever I felt bad she gave me a drink or an alcohol rub or sponged me off or did something like that and I wasn't afraid I would tire her all out, because that was what she was here for!"

The knowledge that "that is what she is here for" is one of the considerations which make the trained nurse more valuable than members of the family. She is following her business when she waits on you hand and foot; she feels you are in the wrong when you try to spare her by going without the things you need. She impresses it upon you that you are to turn to her in every want and if she is the right sort she makes you think you are granting her a pleasure as well as a duty when you tell her how to minister to your comfort.

More than this, she knows how to take care of you. Long experience has taught her how to lift you and turn you and feed you and wait upon you. She knows how to adjust bandages, how to pile up pillows so that they will be a support in just the right way, how to arrange the covers to the best effect, how to shade the light and direct the air from the window. All these branches of knowledge are part of her stock in trade, the qualities which fit her to be the best kind of a trained nurse.

So much for her relations towards you! How about yours towards her? What is her standing in the household?

That depends a good deal, of course, upon the sort of household she enters. You know very well there are many different kinds of these. In one the nurse is considered as little more than a servant or at best an automaton. She is hired to discharge certain duties and having done these properly no further thought is given to her. I regret to say there are even establishments in which her need of food and rest is ignored.

Thought Nurse Merely Machine.

A trained nurse—one of the best I ever knew—told me once of her experience in a family where she was called to nurse a very ill patient. For forty-eight hours she was kept on duty, her meals sent to her in the sick room, no suggestion made of her lack of rest or fresh air. At the end of the time the doctor noticed her heavy eyes and inquired when she had taken her sleep and her recreation. The family expressed surprise at her need of either.

"I supposed a trained nurse was able to do without sleep," said one of them with dignity. "It never occurred to me that

when we were paying some one \$25 a week she would think she could take six or seven hours off for sleep every day!"

The trained nurse of my experience has always been ready to forego repose and exercise when emergencies have arisen which made it unsafe for them to leave the patient. I have tried to meet them

when her strength goes every-thing goes.

"Twenty-five dollars a week seems a frightfully large sum to pay a nurse!" some one complained to me a while ago. Would you do her work for the same sum? I am very sure I would not! There is no doubt, to my mind, that the nurse

patience she must display, the peculiarities and idiosyncrasies of invalids to which she must adjust herself. Never can she indulge herself in irritability or intolerance, but must always bear in mind the well-being of the patient and put her own mental or physical malaise in the background. O, she certainly earns her pay. And when

the conclusion that \$25 a week is not the average it seems at the first glance!

When you have a trained nurse in the house try to bear in mind that she is a human being as well as a machine fitted for a sick room. I don't mean only such ordinary decencies as seeing that she is properly nourished and that her hours for

feasting than the mere intention of earning their living, and they have revealed to me a side of life which had been hitherto practically unknown to me.

Gossiping About Patients.

By this I do not mean that they gossip about their other patients. One of the first principles for a nurse's guidance must be discretion, and the old saying that a dog which will fetch a bone will carry one is immediately suggested by the repetition on the nurses' part of any bit of talk about houses where they have been employed and patients whom they have nursed.

I have had nurses in my home for weeks, so that they have come to seem like old friends and have talked with them freely on many subjects without ever hearing from them the mention of a name or of a client which would give me any idea of the identity of those of whom they have told me interesting tales. More than this, so bit of scandal has escaped them, and all my converse with them has given me the comfortable sensation that since they brought no gossip to me they would take none away with them. Their experience has given them wide views of life, their observations are well worth hearing, and they draw deductions which are often distinctly illuminating.

The old days of the Salway Gamp type are long—and happily—past. There are still women who go into the nurses' profession merely as a means of livelihood, and even among these there are good workers, conscientious and skilled. But I like best those who take up nursing because of their inborn love for the work or as a means of service. To me they seem more dedicated to the great effort of relieving pain and suffering, of making life easier for the sick and helpless.

But are there, then, no poor nurses? Indeed there are; and I grieve to say that some of them are extremely objectionable. Certain of them have come my way, either by observation or by hearsay. There was the middle-aged woman who said she had seen better days and lamented constantly that she should have to descend to the "menial offices," as she called them, connected with the care of her patient, and made the entire family feel guilty of cruelty in that they benefited by her office. There was the silly young thing with her head full of her admirers, who dressed herself up "fit to kill" whenever she went out. (Truth obliges me to say that she took good care of her patient, however.) There was the other one who informed the invalid upon whom she was in attendance that her three preceding patients had all died! There was still another who sat on the arm of a chair and swung her feet and whistled in the intervals of waiting on her nervous patient.

Undesirable as were all these, they cannot be taken as representative of the class. Rather are they rare samples of what the trained nurse ought not to be, and a striking contrast to the average of their profession. The majority of these, in my belief, are noble, hard working, conscientious women who help to make the dark places of suffering better and brighter by their presence and their work.



The Nurse is Ready to Act in All Emergencies.

with the same consideration I would like to have accorded to me in similar conditions; to bear in mind that the nurse's health is her best asset, and that if this is lost or even impaired her money earning power is diminished. She is obliged to take care of herself as she would of a machine on which she depended for her livelihood.

Consider the work and responsibility put upon her in a case of serious illness. Think of the contingencies she may be called upon to meet: that the doctor and the family hold her accountable for the patient's well-being. Recall the disagreeable duties she has to discharge, her broken rest, the endless

rest and outing are strictly observed. Treat her in other things as though she were an educated and well bred woman, and unless she is an exception to her class she will appreciate your recognition of her humanity. The trained nurses I have met have nearly all been thoughtful women who had a much higher aim in their pro-

fection than the mere intention of earning their living, and they have revealed to me a side of life which had been hitherto practically unknown to me.

MARION HARLAND'S HELPING HAND.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

BECAUSE of the enormous number of letters sent to the department I must ask contributors to limit their communications to 100 words, except in cases of formulas or recipes which require greater space. I want all my correspondents to have a showing in the corner, and if my request in this respect is complied with it will be possible to print many more letters.

Attention is called to the fact that Marion Harland cannot receive money for patterns, as she has no connection with any department that sells them. Marion Harland.

"I AM a young housekeeper, and have not many comforts, and do not feel that I can afford to buy them. I would like some scraps so that I can make them myself. If there is some one who has scraps of woolen, velvet, or good stout silk, I would be most pleased to get them."

Your letter will probably bring forth responses from some of the many kindly helpers always on the lookout to be of service to the Cornerites whose need can be supplied by such contributions. I hope the answer to your request may be prompt and plentiful, but at the same time I wonder just how much you will be saved by their assistance.

If you wish to make an ornamental quilt of velvet and satin, there is no question that it is easier to do this when you are enriched by the gifts of pieces that will serve your purpose. But how about the comforts that are to be in active use? Is there much economy in making those of scraps, when you reflect on how cheaply and easily they can be made of new material?

Look, for instance, at the big quilts made of cheesecloth. You can get this in white or in colors for from 6 to 9 cents a yard, and a yard wide. Silkoline in attractive designs is 15 cents a yard or less. Both make excellent comforts, which can be washed or cleaned, and do not gather and hold dust as do covers made of woolen goods.

Whether the comforts are composed of few pieces or many, the cost of lining, filling, quilting, or tying is the same. The quilts which are made of small scraps demand incomparably more time to put together. If your time is worth anything at all, don't you think it rather poor economy to spend uncounted hours in patching fragments of goods together in order to save the cost of a few yards of silkoline or cheesecloth?

I would like to know how you housekeepers feel about this. Mind you, I am not including patchwork quilts which are made for the beauty of the patterns, or silk spreads, composed of velvet and silk and meant for special occasions, but for the sort of comforts which are to be taken into constant use for warmth.

How much do you think you really save on a quilt of little pieces, and is there no other use to which you could put the time

it takes which would be better worth while than spending it on this work? I hope to have full and frank response to this, and I am quite ready to be converted to your point of view, if it is different from mine.

For One Who Cannot Walk.

"I wish you could put me in the way of getting a wheeled chair for a young man, a friend of mine, who has been sick for four years and cannot walk. His mother is not able to buy him one for anything like the money she can spend, and he wants a chair that will wheel about the room so that he can get to the window and look out."

Of all the requests that are made through our Corner I believe that those which appeal to me most closely are the ones made on behalf of the sick or the old. Perhaps it is because I am well along in years myself and have also known enough of illness to understand how its sufferings may be lessened by the appliances which bring comfort.

Whatever the cause the fact remains that, although I am always glad to bring the want and the supply together, no matter what may be its nature, I am conscious of an especial fervor in my plea made for those no longer young or for those on whom pain or illness has been laid.

To any of you the picture of a young man crippled by a four years' illness, who asks for means of getting to the window and having a glimpse of the outside world from which his affliction shuts him away, must bring a pang of sympathy and a longing to help. May this take concrete shape in the offer of the wheeled chair or in the information where such a chair can be secured? His home is in Chicago.

Home for a Motherly Woman.

"I am writing to see if you can help me to find a kind, motherly woman who is in need of a good, comfortable home where she would be treated as one of the family. We are a small household of adults and I am alone all day. If any one such as I describe came to us I would expect her to help with the light work of the house, but she would have most of her day to herself. References would be exchanged."

Some time ago a woman wrote to me that she would like to adopt a mother as other people adopt a child, and this one seems something of the same kind. Always such applications interest me because of the possibilities they indicate. I can imagine just the sort of woman who would fit into this particular place, if it is the sort of place I take it to be.

She would be some one who had had a home of her own long enough to know how forlorn it is to be alone with no place where she really belongs, except the boarding house in which she has found refuge. She should have had enough experience of the world to know that it is peopled by human beings, and that wherever she went she would have to be prepared for bearing and forbearing. She ought not to be so set in her own ways that she could

not adapt herself to the habits of those with whom she would live.

Given the possession of these qualities, an easy temper or plenty of self-control and patience, I see no reason why she should not fit into such a niche as is offered by G. F. and be very happy in it. I take it, for granted that the latter has looked at the subject from all sides and is prepared to accord her share of consideration and kindness and understanding.

With these conditions met to even a fair degree, a pleasant combination ought to be formed, and I hope for a letter from the "kind, motherly woman" wanting a home which will enable me to bring the home and the homeless together. Please

note the request for references and the promise of them.

Cleaning Carpet and Oilcloth.

"Can you give me a recipe for cleaning oilcloth on a wall and also a recipe for cleaning carpet? I have tried washing the oilcloth I have on my kitchen wall and ceiling, but it does not work well. If you have a recipe, I would be obliged to you."

If it is really ordinary oilcloth which covers your walls you should have no difficulty in getting it clean. A cloth dipped in warm water to which you have added a little soft soap should cleanse it perfectly.

Unless the surface is badly stained no other treatment should be necessary. A little household ammonia in the water ought to cleanse spots which will not yield to soap and water.

As to cleaning the carpet, I would have it well beaten, and then, if possible, on the floor. Have two pails of warm water, dissolve a bar of good laundry soap in one, making a lather; add to a gallon of the suds a half pint of gasoline and scrub the carpet with a good stiff brush, taking care not to soak it. Have a cloth wrung out in hot water in the second pail, rinse off the suds, and then wipe the carpet with a dry cloth. Do this quickly on a bright, sunny day, wiping as fast as you can, and clean-

ing the cloth with which you wipe before it is soaking wet. Don't let any one walk on the carpet until it is entirely dry, and if the work is done properly it will repay you for the effort.

The best way to remove a stain is to send it to a trustworthy professional carpet cleaner, but if this is out of the question follow the plan I have given and I think you will find it pay.

"These skirts are fine for school girls. I need ones for a full length skirt which will ruffle on from some lightweight material of a good quality of hose is used the skirt will resemble jersey cloth."

Any one who desires a skirt, a buttoned skirt, or a skirt with a finish, will find it in the corner.

Mrs. W. S. T.

It takes nine of the regular size stockings or seven of the out size. First cut the stockings off at the ankle; second, open up the seams, using the ankle for the upper part and the hem in the top of the stockings for the lower part of the skirt. Press the seams open and featherstitch or baste with colored sash; also use the same stitch at the top of the hem. Gather a small elastic on the lower edge, first making a cottonhole stitch.

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"Thank you for the suggestions. The first will be of value to some of the women who know of the use for old stockings except to make a duster or iron or pot holders of them. I confess that until now the petticoat solution had not occurred to me and I am wondering if such a petticoat could not be made of old silk stockings. These are so much less expensive than those ever before that they are generally worn in the summer and at other seasons, as well, and the feet are given a way while the rest of the stockings is in good condition. Why could not these well preserved legs be converted into a snugly fitting petticoat which would be of much the same texture as the silk ones?"

Mother Wants Silk Scraps.

"My mother would like some silk scraps. I am only 16 years of age and can't do much, but as soon as I can do so I want to send some things."

I am glad you have made an early beginning in helpfulness. Suppose you practice on what you can do for those about you, even if you can't do much for our "Cornerites." You know that often we are more interested in aiding those at a distance than in being of service to those in our own homes. The outsiders seem so much more interesting than those we know best. Try to see the needs of those close at hand. I have started well by planning to give a few scraps for your mother, and I would be glad to bring them to you. I would be glad to give you to any one who would like to give you.

Request for a Camera.

"Hivings, for your readers a camera for which you have no further use? I should be glad to receive it and would gladly pay for it or call and get it."

"You do not say whether you prefer the camera to be small or large, or of what one of the many different styles, and from you I infer that it makes no difference to you as long as you can take pictures. If an offer of one comes in reply to your request I will be happy to give your name and address, and I trust I shall have a call for them soon."

FAMILY MEALS FOR A WEEK.

SUNDAY.	BREAKFAST.	LUNCHEON.	DINNER.
Ham omelet (a leftover).	Corn muffins.	Tea and coffee.	Canned corn soup.
Corn muffins.	Tea and coffee.	Tea and coffee.	Lamb chops.
MONDAY.	BREAKFAST.	LUNCHEON.	DINNER.
Ham omelet (a leftover).	Corn muffins.	Tea and coffee.	Canned corn soup.
Corn muffins.	Tea and coffee.	Tea and coffee.	Lamb chops.
TUESDAY.	BREAKFAST.	LUNCHEON.	DINNER.
Ham omelet (a leftover).	Corn muffins.	Tea and coffee.	Canned corn soup.
Corn muffins.	Tea and coffee.	Tea and coffee.	Lamb chops.
WEDNESDAY.	BREAKFAST.	LUNCHEON.	DINNER.
Ham omelet (a leftover).	Corn muffins.	Tea and coffee.	Canned corn soup.
Corn muffins.	Tea and coffee.	Tea and coffee.	Lamb chops.
THURSDAY.	BREAKFAST.	LUNCHEON.	DINNER.
Ham omelet (a leftover).	Corn muffins.	Tea and coffee.	Canned corn soup.
Corn muffins.	Tea and coffee.	Tea and coffee.	Lamb chops.
FRIDAY.	BREAKFAST.	LUNCHEON.	DINNER.
Ham omelet (a leftover).	Corn muffins.	Tea and coffee.	Canned corn soup.
Corn muffins.	Tea and coffee.	Tea and coffee.	Lamb chops.
SATURDAY.	BREAKFAST.	LUNCHEON.	DINNER.
Ham omelet (a leftover).	Corn muffins.	Tea and coffee.	Canned corn soup.
Corn muffins.	Tea and coffee.	Tea and coffee.	Lamb chops.

Two Practical Ideas.

"Here are some ideas I think practical and which I hope may prove of use to you: To make undershirts of old stockings